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T H E

B A T T I A D.

C A N T O the First.



L O N D O N :

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THE

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C A N T O the First.

A W A K E, my Muse, whate'er thy Name may be,
Or sprung from heav'nly seed, or low degree,
Whether thou equal'st *Garth's* majestic rage,
Or crawl'st, like *Blackmore*, thro' the drowsy Page,
Much it imports the Bus'ness to explain
That shook the puny state of *Warwick-Lane*;
Then, thrice-invok'd, expand thy raven's wing,
Vast is the task, for thou hast much to sing.

5

Great *Rock*, to thee I dedicate my lays;
Tho' no *Degree* thy equal merit raise,
Yet shall your skill to latest times indure,
Like *Graduates* oft you kill, like them you sometimes cure.

10

'Twas now the day when Fellows, Fellows meet,
To talk of weighty matters, then to eat;
Mean while the Patient, from his tyrant free,
Inhales fresh health, and lives without a Fee.

15

First *BATTUS* came, deep-read in worldly art,
Whose tongue ne'er knew the secrets of his heart;
In mischief mighty, tho' but mean of size,
And, like the *Tempter*, ever in disguise.

20

See

See him with aspect grave, and gentle tread,
 By slow degrees, approach the sickly bed :
 Then at his Club behold him alter'd soon,
 The solemn Doctor turns a low Buffoon :
 And he, who lately in a learned freak
 Poach'd ev'ry *Lexicon*, and publish'd *Greek*,
 Still madly emulous of vulgar Praise,
 From *Punch's* forehead wrings the dirty bays.

25

But who is that whose gogling Eye-balls scowl,
 Like the full Orbs of the *Cecropian* fowl ?
 Hail, *POCUS*, Hail! --- Ye Midwives, found his fame!
 Ye Nurfes, sing in Lullabies his Name!
 'Tis his to ease from pangs the lab'ring wife,
 And tug the little Offspring into life.

30

As blind *Tiresias*, on a luckless day,
 Lost his first Sex, as antient Poets say ;
 So purring *POCUS*, once scarce known to fame,
 Of an unskilful Leach, a Matron grave became.

35

Him *Granta* saw, and bade her learned Vest
 Bind his broad Shoulders, and embrace his Chest ;
 Yet never quaff'd he of her sacred stream,
 No Muse inspiring waits his morning dream.
 The Scarlet Robe its heavy Wearer mocks ;
 So fits a Racer's Saddle on an Ox.

40

As he pass'd by, a num'rous tribe succeeds,
 Thick as in standing corn the purple weeds ;
 Names you could hardly think did e'er exist,
 But that you see them in the *College List*.

45

Slow-

Slow-footed * *Ad-ms* hobbled in the throng,
And *D--d*, a Giant Spectre, slouch'd along ;
Then *Br--n* march'd onward, deep in phyfic leer,
And chatt'ring *Cb--n-y* wriggled in the rear.

Each *Æsculapian* Sage assumes his feat,
When *BATTUS* thus forestalls the promis'd treat.

" Ere yet we on the choicest viands dine, 55
" Ere the deep glass be dy'd with gen'rous wine,
" Think, think my friends, what mischiefs threat our State,
" Now Ruin perches on our College-gate ;
" There Graduate *Schomberg* for his answer stands,
" Examin'd thrice, his ent'rance loud demands : 60

" But by yon Pile, where on the chissel'd stone
" The well-wrought Madman seems to live and groan,
" Where on clean straw, sequester'd in r'alls,
" The Patriot, Sage, and Bard immortal dwells,
" I swear, my soul detests the hated league, 65
" And Hell, if Heav'n should fail, shall second my Intrigue.

" Sooner shall rivers to their springs return,
" Or *Warwick-Lane* at sickly seasons mourn ;
" Sooner shall roses bloom upon the main,
" Fish sport in woods, nay I turn † *Whig* again ; 70
" Than *Schomberg* in our College find a place :
" This interdicting hand shall crush his race ;

* The epithet *swift-footed* given to *Achilles*, who was famous for slaying Mankind, is, by being reversed, a most high compliment on the Learned Gentleman to whom it is applied.

† The Editor is in doubt with himself whether it should not be *Wig* ; for *Battus* is as apt to turn his wig for the entertainment of his company, as his coat for his own private emolument.

" What tho' he claim admittance as his right,
 The pow'r of numbers makes a raven white.

" Our *Alma-Mater* shall in vain protest, 75
 " 'Tis mine to make her bow her haughty crest;
 " Down, down with *Cam* and *Ifis* rev'rend schools,
 " Shall we proceed on dull exploded rules?
 " Now welcome those on *Leman's* banks who feed,
 " The fat *Batavian*, and the Sons of *Tweed*; 80
 " These in full swarms shall all our *College* fill,
 " And claim an equal privilege to kill;
 " While I superior to the rest shall sit,
 " A *Let'ter*, *Mimic*, *Editor*, and *Wit*.

" Nor ask what cause inflames my stubborn hate, 85
 " My settled purpose is as fix'd as Fate;
 " Reject our Claimant, nor his threat'nings fear,
 " OURSELF thro' Law's wild maze will guide you clear
 " 'Till ev'ry Court my deep address shall own;
 " What!---are your *BATTUS*' arts so little known? " 90

He said, and paus'd; the Midwife rear'd his fize,
 Rolling from side to side his * Ox-like eyes;
 And while the scarlet Heroes he address'd,
 Thick eructations half his speech suppress'd.

" By † *Ædepol*, my *BATTUS*, here I swear, 95
 " I undismay'd with thee will greatly dare,

* An epithet that so much exalted the beauty of *Homer's Juno*, must no doubt pass an high compliment on the grace of feature of our incomparable Midwife.

† *Ædepol*.] It was the custom of the *Roman Ladies* to swear by *Castor*, as the Men did by *Hercules*. An asseveration by the Temple of *Pollux* was made use of by both sexes, and therefore aptly put in the mouth of the Midwife.

" With

" With thee I'll misinterpret, meanings strain,

" Or wade thro' miry roads of deep chicane.

" As Hounds together in one couple ty'd,

" As *Pope* and *Devil* sitting side by side,

100

" As *Mountebank* and quaint *Jack-Pudding* join,

" So ever mix thy friendly name with mine.

" Nor think I've idly slept, you know my trade

" Is Nature's dark recesses to invade ;

" Thro' alleys groping, lo! I set to view

105

" The affidavit of an half-starv'd * *Jew* ;

" And did not I my critic skill display ?

" See my epistle upon † *O* and *A*.

" Man, haughty Man, indebted to the Brutes,

" Assumes that name which best his nature suits ;

110

" Heroes are Lions in an human shape,

" A Fox the Statesman, and the Beau an Ape ;

" Then, to reward the yearnings of my soul,

" Salute your Midwife by the name of *Mole*.

" Nor think I'll ever from your banners fly,

115

" I *Schomberg* hate, nor know the reason why :

" Perhaps too oft his busy Sire I meet,

" That curfed chariot rolls thro' ev'ry street ;

* *Half-starv'd Jew*.] *Pocus*, by his great skill in the occult sciences, found out a *Jew* in a certain corner of the town, and got him to make an affidavit that *Schomberg* was born abroad ; which was true in fact, for he never saw *England* 'till he was two or three years old ; and, in consequence of not being a native, was incapable of being admitted Fellow, at least this was the joint opinion of *Battus* and *Pocus*.

† *O* and *A*.] While *Schomberg* was carrying on his bill of Naturalization, an anonymous letter was written to the Sp—r of the H—e of C—mm—ns, purporting that *Schomberg* intended to impose upon the Par—t, for whereas he of iate spelt his name with an *O*, he, or his father, used formerly to write it with an *A*. The Midwife is, for many reasons, suspected to be the author of this letter, for, among others, two witnesses are ready to depose upon oath that he can write.

" Perhaps

" Perhaps----I know not what inflames my rage,
 " But youthful ardor thaws my frozen age ; 120
 " Sleepless I lye, I foam, I tofs, I rave,
 " Mad as the Priests in *Apollo's* cave.

" Let *Heberden* his views by truth direct,
 " Let *Reeve* oppose, an obstinate *Elect* ;
 " Let *Leatherland* be stubborn to his trust, 125
 " Faint-hearted wretch, who dares not be unjust ;
 " Ourselves sit here above the dread of law,
 " Each pow'rful *Fellow* is a grim *Bashaw* ;
 " Tho' when from hence he drives his painted wain,
 " He shrinks into his Nothingness again. 130

" Then hear your *POCUS*, my Associates dear,
 " Drive *Schomberg* hence, nor yield to idle fear.
 " So *Child's* and *Batson's* shall your triumphs tell,
 " And ev'ry Parish toll her *Passing-Bell*.
 " Then, gentle Brethren, give your kind assent." 135
 He ceas'd, the Rabble roar'd, " content, content."

Loud was the din----Thus prouling out for food
 The cackling mother leads the waddling brood ;
 If ought disturb them, all together cry,
 And the hoarse clangor echoes thro' the sky ; 140
 Goose answers goose with dissonance of voice,
 And *Sarum's* steeples catch the grating noise.

The End of the First Canto.

Shortly will be published,

The *BATTIAD*. Canto the Second.